

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Six Months' Charm, P.O. William R. Harkness

WHEN Petty-Officer William Ronald Harkness sees this photograph, we are sure he will agree with us that it is one of the most charming studies our photographer has ever taken.

We do not need to tell you, Ron, that it is your wife, Dulcie, and baby John, although he was only a few weeks old when you went away.

Now look at him at six months! All smiles, and one of the happiest little chaps a mother could have for company. And no ill-effects left from his early bout with measles and bronchitis.

A teddy bear and a rag doll are his inseparable sleeping companions. He just cuddles them in, and is no trouble at all at night.

We found him asleep when we called at 37b, Stanley Road, Stanshaw, but he woke up as lively as a cricket, and was soon ready to dance a jig.

He likes anything musical, and as Mrs. Harkness seems to be something of an accordionist, we do not wonder at it.

Incidentally, we were pleased to meet your wife's father and mother, and to hear how well they had all stood up to the raids, even when a flying-bomb fell quite close to them last July.

Some people think the dock-yard men have a soft job—Mrs. Harkness's father is a boilermaker in the Portsmouth yard—but their work was pretty tough going when the bombs were dropping around.

"Dad just went on working," Mrs. Harkness told us, "and he hardly thinks of anything else."

But on the Saturday before our reporter called, he had had a break—he went to the Coliseum to enjoy an evening's entertainment for the first time for five years!

But to get back to baby—he is, after all, the chubby little hero of this story. Your wife tells us, Ron, that he is a rare handful and keeps her busy, but she'll still have plenty of time left for you when you come home again.



Home Town News

AT a buffet on Exeter Station they seem to have lost spoons before.

That must be why the one the customers use to stir their tea is kept on the end of a string attached to the counter!

DEPOSIT, PLEASE.

ONE Plymouth hotel has solved the "disappearing towel" difficulty by charging a deposit of 10s. on every one issued to clients.

Until they started this they couldn't keep a towel. Within a few months their whole stock had vanished.

The deposit system has now been extended to cover door keys, which have shown far less inclination to depart with the guests since they have been charged at 5s. a time.

MODERN ENGLISH.

BOMBS, gas masks, stirrup pumps and tin hats have been incorporated in the carving of a new altar dedicated by the Bishop of Plymouth in the crypt of blitzed St. Augustine's Church, Lipson Vale.

GONE AWAY.

A MAN running a cooked meat shop at Devonport had his assistants "directed" into war jobs, and complained to the Ministry of Labour that if he couldn't get any help he would have to close.

The Ministry were not impressed until one day customers found the shop

CANTERBURY



There is nothing in the whole of England like Canterbury—not even York, D. N. K. BAGNALL says after a visit to the Home Town. You cannot be in the city for a short time without becoming saturated with the noble serenity that lingers there... The spirit of the massive Cathedral dominates its being, just as the building itself dominates the charming squares, the winding streets and business quarters of the city.

WHENEVER I hear the name Dunkirk it brings to my mind not only that epic of the British Army on the French beaches, it also takes me back to the time of the Dieppe Raid, when, with only the bare fact that we had made a landing somewhere on the French coastline, I set off by car from London to go to Dover.

My companion and I stopped at a small wayside inn some four or five miles from Canterbury, to hear the one o'clock news. As we stood in the bar we got the first details of that thrilling exploit.

And when I asked the inn-keeper what place we were at, he replied—Dunkirk.

CANTERBURY men know Dunkirk and its old inn well enough. If you come from the city or the surrounding countryside you have probably passed it many a time, and maybe have stopped to have a pint. But it was new to me; I came to it for the first time, just as, that day, I came the first time to Canterbury.

I did not linger in the stronghold of the Kentish Men (as its name denotes) on that occasion. It was important to reach Dover as quickly as possible. So that I had but glimpses of old buildings, so picturesque that they seemed to be part of some historical novel, and of new ones which seemed only just to have been completed. We were soon through its narrow streets and out on to the Dover Road.

I promised myself to return. And when, recently, I made my pilgrimage, I soon realised how well worth while the keeping of that vow was to be.

There is nothing in the whole of England like Canterbury—not even York. You cannot be in the city even for a short time without becoming saturated with the noble serenity that lingers there.

True, there are busy shops in St. Peter's Street and High Street, and purposeful traffic plying past them. As a market for much of the produce of the Kentish countryside, Canterbury is a live and thriving place. And it has its industries, happily tucked away.

But from first to last it is a cathedral city, and the spirit of the massive Cathedral dominates its being just as the building itself dominates the charming squares, the winding streets and business quarters of the city.

However much they wan-

with the blinds drawn and a notice outside "CLOSED OWING TO SHORTAGE OF STAFF."

That did the trick. Within a few days the proprietor was told he could have a couple of hands!

was reduced in dignity from a fort to a royal residence, to a prison, a ruin, a pumping station and a coal store, until it was somewhat raised in status to that of a museum. **Such it is still.**

One of the city's finest treasures, the West Gate, dating from the 14th century, had a narrow escape from destruction because of a circus. In 1850, when the famous Wombwell's Circus visited Canterbury, it was found that the gateway was too small for the elephants to pass through. Wombwell demanded that it be taken down so that his procession might pass through in all its glory.

And, strangely enough, a request which in these days would, if indeed it could be made, would be treated with

coaching road which is still the chief way from London to Dover.

When pilgrims of earlier centuries flocked to the shrine of Thomas a'Becket, slain at the King's altar by the King's men, they carried away with them brooches showing St. Thomas giving his blessing. They wore them in their hats or coats to show they had made the journey to the cathedral city and as good luck charms in their travels afterwards.

Not all the pilgrims, however, seem to have reached home safely. During excavations in the bed of the Thames, principally at London Bridge, large numbers were discovered. And they have been found much further afield—even as far as Continental places.

Canterbury is still the place of pilgrimage. Before the war more Americans had been to Canterbury than to any other place in England, with the exception of Stratford-on-Avon.

It is remarkable that more English people do not make their modern pilgrimage to the city. In holiday time, of course, the chief place of Kent (any Maidstone men among the crew?) is thronged with those who delight in the ancient, the picturesque, the quaint and the charming, but if Canterbury had its due, its hotels and hosteries would be crowded from spring to autumn, its streets choked up with motor-cars and cycles, its railway stations choked, and its Cathedral filled.

Perhaps it is better for Canterbury, after all, that it should not win its full measure of deserved popularity.

It was with regret that I completed my pilgrimage. I hope to return very often, and I hope to get out into the surrounding countryside, where the apple villages stand, where the hop-poles are part of the landscape, and where the corn waves in the wind.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Well! You said you wanted to look at some furs for your birthday, Winnie!"

the contempt it deserved, found many supporters among the city councillors.

When it came to voting on the matter, only the Mayor's casting vote saved the ancient gateway.

As a market town and place of pilgrimage through the centuries, Canterbury had numerous and good inns. Some of these remain, and there are others which, though more modern, carry on the tradition of pleasant hospitality.

Canterbury is full of ancient things. Outside Dane John, the 80ft. hillock to the south, itself an old strong-point, a quarter-mile stretch of the moat which was part of the main streets, cosily thriving in the by-ways, nestling beneath the shadow of the Cathedral, and, of course, set to meet the traveller's needs on the old

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

GEORGIA'S RULING

Three Day Story By O. HENRY

If you should chance to visit that he will kindly bring you to the General Land Office, its official predecessor. He will step into the draughtsmen's room and ask to be shown the map half the size of the map of Salado County. A leisurely German—possibly old Kampfer himself—will bring it to you. It will be four feet square, on heavy drawing-cloth. The lettering and the figures will be beautifully clear and distinct. The title will be in splendid, undecipherable German text, ornamented with classic Teutonic designs—very likely Ceres or Pomona leaning against the initial letters with cornucopias venting grapes and wieners.

By looking carefully near its north-west corner you will presently come upon the worn contours of Chiquito River, and, maybe, if your eyes are good, discern the silent witness to this story.

The Commissioner of the Land Office was of the old style; his antique courtesy was too formal for his day. He dressed in fine black, and there was a suggestion of Roman drapery in his long coat-skirts.

You must tell him that this is not the map you wish to see;

QUIZ for today

known as "Thomas Hardy's Country"?

5. Who invented the modern chemical symbols (such as H_2O), and about when?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?

Rudolph, Ralph, Alphonso, Randolph, Adolphus, Ranulph.

Answers to Quiz in No. 645

1. Italian carriage.

2. Six.

3. Eem, Eep, Faf.

4. Essex.

5. Dr. William Beebe, 1934.

6. 84, one of whose digits (8) is exactly double the other (4).

"I'd like to do a whole lot for poor children who haven't homes and aren't loved and cared for as I am," the little sick Georgia told her father. "If I shouldn't get well, I'll leave them you—not give you, but just lend you." Little Georgia died, but her spirit remained to guide and direct the stern Commissioner of the Land Office in to doing her ruling. This is a tale for our times, for all time, of the mastery of good over evil.

His collars were "undetached" (blame haberdashery for the word); his tie was a narrow, funeral strip, tied in the same knot as were his shoe-strings.

"Papa, I wish I could do something good for a whole long behind, but he kept it smooth and orderly. His face was clean-shaven, like the old statesmen's.

Most people thought it a stern face, but when its official expression was off, a few had seen altogether a different countenance. Especially tender and gentle it had appeared to those who were about him during the last illness of his only child.

The Commissioner had been a widower for years, and his life, outside his official duties, had been so devoted to little Georgia that people spoke of it as a touching and admirable thing. He was a reserved man, and dignified almost to austerity, but the child had come below it all and rested upon his very heart, so that she scarcely missed the mother's love that had been taken away. There was a wonderful companionship between them, for she had many of his own ways, being thoughtful and serious beyond her years.

One day, while she was lying with the fever burning brightly in her cheeks, she said suddenly, "Papa, I wish I could do something good for a whole lot of children!"

"What would you like to do, dear?" asked the Commissioner. "Give them a party?"

"Oh, I don't mean those kind. I mean poor children who haven't homes, and aren't loved and cared for as I am. I tell you what, papa!"

"What, my own child?"

"If I shouldn't get well, I'll leave them you—not GIVE you, but just lend you, for you must come to mamma and me when you die, too. If you can find time, wouldn't you do something to help them, if I ask you, papa?"

"Hush, hush, dear, dear child," said the Commissioner, holding her hot little hand against his cheek. "You'll get well real soon, and you and I will see what we can do for them together."

But in whatever paths of benevolence, thus vaguely pre-meditated, the Commissioner might tread, he was not to have the company of his beloved.

That night the little frail body grew suddenly too tired to struggle further, and Georgia's exit was made from the great stage when she had scarcely begun to speak her little piece before the foot-lights. But there must be a stage manager who understands.

She had given the cue to the one who was to speak after her.

A week after she was laid away, the Commissioner reappeared at the office, a little more courteous, a little paler and sterner, with the black frock-coat hanging a little more loosely from his tall figure.

His desk was piled with work that had accumulated during the four heart-breaking weeks of his absence. His chief clerk had done what he could, but there were questions of law, of fine judicial decisions to be made concerning the issue of patents, the marketing and leasing of school lands, the classification into grazing, agricultural, watered, and timbered, of new tracts to be opened to settlers.

The Commissioner went to work silently and obstinately, putting back his grief as far

as possible, forcing his mind to attack the complicated and important business of his office.

On the second day after his return he called the porter, pointed to a leather-covered chair that stood near his own, and ordered it removed to a lumber-room at the top of the building. In that chair Georgia would always sit when she came to the office for him of afternoons.

As time passed, the Commissioner seemed to grow more silent, solitary, and reserved. A new phase of mind developed in him.

He could not endure the presence of a child.

Often when a clattering youngster belonging to one of the clerks would come chattering into the big business-room adjoining his little apartment, the Commissioner would steal softly and close the door. He would always cross the street to avoid meeting the school-children when they came dancing along in happy groups upon the sidewalk, and his firm mouth would close into a mere line.

It was nearly three months after the rains had washed the last dead flower-petals from the mound above little Georgia when the "land-shark" firm of Hamlin and Avery filed papers upon what they considered the "fattest" vacancy of the year. It should not be supposed that all who were termed "land-sharks" deserved the name. Many of them were respectable men of good business character. Some of them could walk into the most august councils of the state and say: "Gentlemen, we would like to have this, and that, and matters go thus." But, next to a three years' drought and the boll-worm, the Actual Settler

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PLAN FOR A CITY

A SPECIAL Planning Committee is now considering ambitious proposals by the Manchester City Architect, Mr. G. N. Hill, for the development of the city's amenities for culture and entertainment.

One is for the reconstruction of the Free Trade Hall, severely damaged in the air raids of 1940, and the other for the provision of what is to be termed a "Hall of Greatness" at All Saints, in which can be shown all the city has done to contribute to the world's art, commerce, education, etc.

The proposal for the Free Trade Hall is that the building should be reconstructed within its present shell so that it will be of service for at least fifteen years, or until more suitable buildings can be constructed.

Mr. Hill does not consider the present site suitable for permanent premises of the kind, but states that for the time being concerts, cinema shows, public meetings, etc., could be held there. Provision is made for these in the plans.

The building would accommodate 2,000 people and have a promenade lounge in the gallery for use by patrons during intervals. The screen for cinema shows could be lowered below the stage. The stage will be big enough for 120 members of the orchestra and a chorus of 300.

Proposals for the "Hall of Greatness" include the provision of a civic theatre, but it is felt that these cannot be proceeded with for at least five years after the end of the war, and even then only if the housing situation has come under control.

A civic centre, with a public hall, public library, etc., is also proposed for the Swinton and Pendlebury district of Manchester.

Gordon Rich

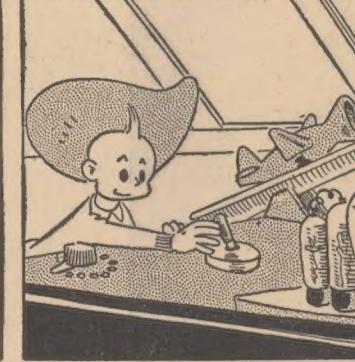
Alex Cracks

At a meeting of patriotic Dutchmen, a shout of "Heil Rembrandt" was frequently heard. The Gestapo, upon inquiring into the meaning of such demonstration, was informed: "We are paying tribute to our greatest painter, just as you do to your Fuehrer."

Clerk: "My wife has presented me with a little boy, sir."

Absent-minded Employer: "Boy? Well, if he is a smart lad, bring him here; we are badly in need of an office boy."

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 585

1. Behead a conveyance and get wet
2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it?

Mendthoris fro kate dan yerve eth het lived femshil amn.

3. What girl's name has T for its exact middle?

4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order:

He always goes into the wood to —, and writes a —.

Answers to Wangling

Words—No. 584

1. W-rites.
2. Every dog has his day; let sleeping dogs lie.

3. Olive.
4. Polo, pool.

JANE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



GEORGIA'S RULING

(Continued from Page 2)

The land-shark haunted the Land Office, where all the land records were kept, and hunted "vacancies"—that is, tracts of unappropriated public domain, generally invisible upon the official maps, but actually existing "upon the ground." The law entitled anyone possessing certain state scrip to file by virtue of same upon any land not previously legally appropriated. Most of the scrip was now in the hands of the land-sharks. Thus, at the cost of a few hundred dollars, they often secured lands worth as many thousands. Naturally, the search for "vacancies" was lively.

But often—very often—the land they thus secured, though legally "unappropriated," would be occupied by happy and contented settlers, who had laboured for years to build up their homes, only to discover

that their titles were worthless, strip of land about a mile wide and three miles long, comprising about two thousand acres.

Thus came about the bitter and not unjustifiable hatred of the Elias Denny felt by the toiling settlers toward the shrewd and seldom quite River, in one of the merciful speculators who so often turned them forth destitute and homeless from their fruitless labours. The history of the state teams with their antagonism. Mr. Land-shark seldom showed his face on "locations" from which he should have to eject the unfortunate victims of a monstrously tangled land system, but let his emissaries do the work.

There was lead in every cabin, moulded into balls for him; many of his brothers had enriched the grass with their blood. The fault of it all lay far back.

It was in consequence of these conditions that Hamlin and Avery had filed upon a

(More to-morrow)



"If you're cold—shut the window!"

Soccer Shorts

YOU remember Stan Matthews being signed on by Stoke City when he was a schoolboy? He worked then in the office at the club's ground, but when he was 17 he was signed professional—with an agreement that if he got around to the first team they would give him a benefit of £500.

Well, he did get along to the first team, but then Stan said he wanted £650—like the others. He nearly left Stoke because of that.

CHATTERING with a football club manager, the question cropped up about "Why do they have international matches, Army v R.A.F., and the rest—and yet never Royal Navy v So-and-so So?"

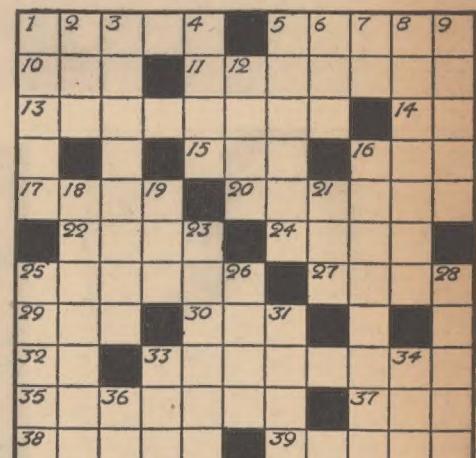
Maybe it's the old excuse—they are not on land enough. What say you, boys? What about challenging the Army the next time you hit port? You see Royal Navy v. So-and-so at rugger. What's the difference?

TOM BENTLEY has had a letter from a football pal in the Army. This bloke had apparently seen a match in Alexandria between an Egyptian F.A. team and a Navy team.

The Navy boys got stuck into it right away—and the poor old ref. hadn't much say in the matter. Is that with being away from a football field for a long time at sea? And what about that for the Navy playing a good game—when they can...

CROSS-WORD CORNER

SELL	JESTER
AXIOM	LORNA
HIND	AFFECT
ATTEND	TEAS
RE	OOZE
ALLOT	ENDED
E	REAR
JAVA	MOMENT
AGENCY	ADIT
MUNGO	BUGLE
BEDEWS	DEED



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Foreign coin. 5 Dye from privet. 10 Lout. 11 Scented. 13 Not so good. 14 Manuscript. 15 Paid up. 16 Insect. 17 Tight. 20 Choirmen. 22 Metal. 24 Basic facts. 25 Vocalist. 27 Tropical tree. 29 Meshed fabric. 30 Dandy. 32 Dealing with. 33 Merriment. 35 Is discontented. 37 Place for animals. 38 Banter. 39 Bullock.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Palm off. 2 Hastened. 3 Rich. 4 Bulb. 5 Boozed. 6 Make mistakes. 7 Number. 8 Number. 9 Fools. 12 Congress. 16 Study plants. 18 New owner. 19 Stock phrase. 21 Pile. 23 Mark out. 25 Horse sound. 26 Part. 28 Town Chief. 31 Fencing thrust. 33 The man's. 34 Kick. 36 Parent.

Good Morning

No, it's not a mirage, nor yet a Lorelei luring simple sailors to their doom. It's Loretta Young as she appeared on the morning after "A Night to Remember." As though we would ever forget!



"Now, whatever made you think I like ice-cream? Fact is, I can't abide the stuff. If you think you're making my mouth water, you're very much mistaken. The only thing I'm thinking about licking, is you."

"So that's what you're looking for, is it? Think you can fight, eh? Wait until I've finished this cornet, and we'll soon settle that. Fact is, I'd sooner lick you than the biggest Knickerbocker Glory in the whole of Lyons."



High-speed picture of a single raindrop — taken on one of those days when it rains cats and dogs.



"Coughs and sneezes spread diseases," we are told. Seems this Moorish dancing girl has gone a bundle on this particular line of Government propaganda.



Why the cameraman should make a point of getting this little Devon village stores into the centre of his picture, when there appears to be a very much more interesting subject in the right-hand corner, entirely defeats us. Just one of his fits of alcoholic remorse, we suppose.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"There goes life number eight."

